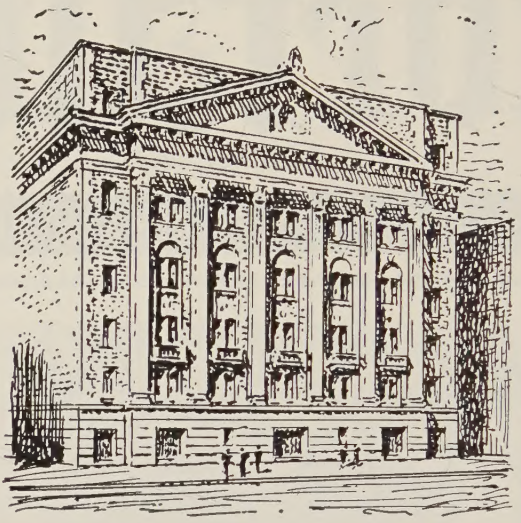
The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXIV OCTOBER, 1957 Number 7

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

They's something kind o' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

—James Whitcomb Riley



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

20th September

I HAVE BEEN back in Chicago just a week. In many respects the first week of the Fall and Winter season is the most difficult of any week during the entire church year. After a summer of traveling and preaching, renewing old friendships and forming new ones, it is difficult to get back into the daily routine.

We have already had our opening service and it was a most inspiring event. The welcome which I was given by the large congregation will linger with me all through the year. After the service I stood for more than an hour greeting friends and members. During the summer we lost many friends and loyal members by death. The memorial service which I had for them during the regular church service was most impressive. By reading the names of those who had passed on, many of the congregation were informed for the first time of the demise of those members.

Many drove long distances for the opening service, including the well known Duke of Paducah (Mr. Guy Walker) and the Duchess, driving in from Rockford. Mr. Walker is a well-known contributor to the Wake of the News in the Chicago Tribune. Others were present from Milwaukee, Elgin, Joliet, Gary and Streator. There were probably many more out of town visitors who did not sign our Guest Register, but it is always encouraging to know that people make an unusual effort to attend the services.

A spirit of fellowship pervaded the entire service, there was a fine attendance in the Chorus Choir, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett presented inspiring music. The Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, our new Associate, was present in the pulpit with me, taking part in the service, making appropriate remarks.

We have never entered the church year together with more constructive plans for the work of the entire church than this year. You will be hearing more about these plans from Sunday to Sunday.

For many years I have been told everywhere I go, "Dr. Bradley, I wish your services were broadcast some other time than 11 o'clock, because we are in our own church at that hour and cannot hear the service." So insistent and frequent has been this attitude that this year we are experimenting with the broadcast being sent out at 1:00 p.m. every Sunday afternoon. This will give everyone who has another church loyalty an opportunity to hear the broadcast from the Peoples Church. Station WAIT (820 kilocycles) will broadcast the entire 11 o'clock service at one o'clock. WAIT is a major broadcasting station, with a very clear signal and a survey shows it has a wide range of coverage. I hope each one who reads these lines will assist in getting this information to as many people as possible. There will be two other broadcasts on Sunday, one over WBBM at 7:30 Sunday morning and one on WCFL at 5:30 Sunday afternoon. This means that we will be on the air three times each Sunday with a different address and program each time. It will entail much more work, but it will also widen the area of the message of the Peoples Church.

The announcements for the beginning of the Sunday evening services

and the Wednesday evening book lectures will be found in another part of this issue. The critical and fragile situation in International Relations; the increasing challenge of our own economy; the tragic increase of crime, both adult and juvenile, and many other aspects of our modern life, make it all the more necessary that our church and its message should be given as extensive an opportunity as possible. We have always stood for the creative and spiritual potential of mankind. We believe that the world is not in a mausoleum but in a maternity ward; that all the pain and agony of the present are but a prelude to a new birth. We are anchored more firmly than ever to the belief that man has the capacity to create a better world and that the forces of good will ultimately triumph. Against the inspiration of this position let us all in the church and in the radio audience, work as we have never worked before to maintain and preserve our church and all for which it stands.

* * *

I had planned to continue in this issue of the Liberalist a day by day account of our experiences this summer on the other side of the Atlantic and to copy from my daily diary our experiences with people and places. Because of space limitations I am not going to give too much in detail, but will only touch the highlights. You will probably find in the sermons and lectures of the Fall and Winter many references to some of these experiences and reflections on some of the places and people we have met. I closed last month with my arrival in Cobh, Ireland.

The ten days which I spend in Ireland are always for me the heart of any trip which I make to Europe. Here I have been visiting since 1914. Here I have some of the dearest friends I have ever known. Here I have had the opportunity of preaching year after year, through the most critical period of the world's history. The friendships which I have with the people in Ireland deepen with the passing of every year. This applies in both Southern and Northern Ireland.

Dublin is one of the most interesting cities in the world, and I always look forward to the Sunday I spend in the Unitarian Church there. The Rev. E. Savell Hicks, minister of the church, has been in his church a year longer than I have been in mine and he is considerably older, but he has all the vigor, vitality and yonder-mindedness of a man half his age. I marvel at him and I was delighted to find both Mr. and Mrs. Hicks in such good health. A visit to their lovely home overlooking Dublin Bay is always an unforgettable experience. After the Sunday service we had dinner at "Strawberry Hill" with many dear friends.

I always plan to visit the historic Abbey Theatre in Dublin, but this year the theatre was closed, which was a disappointment to me. Dublin has a spirit, a mood, a vitality unlike any other city I know, and here the finest English spoken anywhere is heard. I visited again Trinity College and spent one evening with a group of students from Nygeria—a lovely evening arranged by my friend, Adebayo Adesanya, who has just finished his academic career in Trinity College. I have never met a group more alert intellectually than these Nygerian students. Nygeria will probably be the next part of Africa to follow the leadership of the other states which have acquired independence, or affiliation as members of the Commonwealth of Great Britain, rather than being Colonists.

A day which stands out in my memory as I sit here at my desk in my Study in Chicago and recapture it, is the day I spent with Mr. Sam McCormick, who is one of the most progressive business leaders of Ireland. He is a representative for the huge Caterpillar machinery used in so much road construction in the United States. His business association enables him to visit America once or twice a year, and I expect him to make us a visit in October. He has been in our church before and I always try to see him when I am in Dublin. He has a beautiful home in a residential district of the city, is a lover of the sea, and has a large cruiser in which he goes up and down the Irish coast. I hope I shall some day have the time to make a trip with him on his fine ship which I adore. But the day I shall never forget is the day we drove to Avoka, south of Ireland, to see the great mining development which is taking place there in copper. This mine is being operated by a mining company from Vancouver, Canada, and is one of the most tremendous undertakings I have ever seen. We drove over half a mile in his car straight into the shaft of the mine, a thrilling and to me, hazardous experience. But the crowning moment to me, of that memorable day I spent with Mr McCormick was when he took me to that spot dear to the hearts of all Irishmen—the place where Thomas Moore wrote some of his most beautiful poetry. I strolled down the path Thomas Moore knew and loved, and sat underneath the tree where he wrote "The Last Rose of Summer," and the historic spot "Where the Waters Meet," the junction of two small singing rivers. Ireland has produced some of the most enduring poetry in our culture and to see the same trees and shrubbery and listen to the music of the same waters which delighted the soul of Thomas Moore was a deepening experience for me.

* * *

I hold for the City of Belfast a deep affection, for it is in the County of Antrim that my paternal ancestors live, and the friends I have there are a very personal inspiration to me, even though we are parted by miles of land and water. For years I have preached one Sunday morning in the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast, where one of the most distinguished scholars of the Free Christian Church of Great Britain is the minister—Dr. John McLachlan. He was formerly Acting Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and comes from a great family of scholars. The First Church of Belfast is one of the historic churches of Ireland, and the great evangelist, John Wesley, on his visit to Ireland, preached from the pulpit of the church —the same pulpit which is there today. The congregation extended to Wesley the privileges of preaching when every other pulpit in the City of Belfast was closed to John Wesley. I have never stood in the pulpit and preached without feeling the presence of Wesley, even though I have little in common theologically with his preaching; but the spirit and nobility and influence of the man I always feel when I stand in the pulpit where he preached.

The largest congregation I have on the other side of the sea is the congregation I have on the Sunday evening that I preach in All Souls Church, where for many years the unique Dr. Arthur Agnew has been the minister. This year was no exception. The church was crowded and afterward Mrs. Agnew and Mrs. McCleery, who is the wife of the Rev. John McCleery, Minister of the Dunmurry Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church, pre-

pared a delicious supper which was served in the vestry of All Souls Church. Joining me there was my dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Frazer-Hurst, for many years the distinguished minister of one of the great churches of Belfast, and Mr. Archie Preston, from Dublin, who came up to Belfast for the week-end and who is one of the finest gentlemen I have ever known. Our fellowship together at this evening meal at the close of a busy Sunday was like a benediction. I cherish the memory of all my Belfast friends and hope to see them again.

* * *

From Belfast I went to Newcastle-on-Tyne by the way of Larne and Stranraer, Scotland. June and I had arranged to meet in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Because of school responsibilities she could not leave the United States as early as I, consequently I went to Ireland and arranged to meet her in Newcastle. She came up to Newcastle from London after arriving at Southampton and spending a day or two with our dear friends, the Rev. and Mrs. George Grieve. Mr. Grieve is now a lecturer on constitutional government in Ealing College, where students are prepared for London University, in which field he is most effective. I shall never forget an evening which Mr. Grieve and I had with Arthur Garfield Hayes in London, discussing constitutional law. Mr. Hayes later stated to me that he had the most profound admiration for the mind of Mr. Grieve in the field of constitutional history.

In Newcastle-on-Tyne we renewed our deep friendship for the Rev. and Mrs. Coram Davies (he is minister of the Church of the Divine Unity), Dr. and Mrs. Henry Barnes and Mr. and Mrs. Abner Barnes and their sister, Mary. Henry, Abner and Mary are the children of the much loved Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Barnes, for whom we have the deepest affection. Rev. Mr. Barnes was the distinguished minister of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Church for many years. He built the beautiful church in which the congregation now worship, and was a man of such charm, culture, warmth and understanding that his friendship is one of the loveliest memories of my life. Unfortunately our schedule was such that we could not spend a Sunday in Newcastle-on-Tyne this year, but I am looking forward to some other year to preach once again in Herbert Barnes' pulpit. We all had dinner together on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday afternoon we took the steamer train to the Tyneside Quay, where we boarded the sturdy little ship "The Venus," and sailed away across the North Sea to Bergen, Norway. Mr. Davies saw us off on the steamer train and we were delighted on arriving at the Quayside to find Dr. Henry Barnes had taken time out of his busy afternoon to come and say "goodbye." We sailed away in the fog and rain, in rather a rough sea —the North Sea can be unusually tempestuous. Sometime during the night the sea quieted and the next day there was no wind and only quiet water. We were all morning on the sea but there was no evidence that this was the fourth of July. While there were some Americans on the ship there was no recognition whatever of the day.

We arrived in Bergen, Norway at 2:30 in the afternoon and were soon located in the Hotel Norge. The one place that we were both anxious to see in Bergen was the home of Edward Grieg. It is a few miles outside the city and in driving out we passed some beautiful scenery. His home, situated on a knoll on a peninsula, surrounded by virgin woods, thrilled us with its

rugged beauty. Here he lived and worked, and nearby was a small studio where he composed and worked. The simplicity of it, the beauty of it, is an unforgettable memory. I touched the keys of his piano on which he composed the Peer Gynt suite. Here he entertained Henrik Ibsen and Bjornson and many other great creative souls of his era. It might be interesting for our people to know that Henrik Ibsen was a Unitarian and after his death Mrs. Ibsen moved to Copenhagen, Denmark, and was buried by Pastor Kierkegaard of our church in Copenhagen. What a pity that there is not space for me to give all the impressions which I had from day to day in my travel experiences, but it is impossible.

From Bergen we went to the capital of Norway, the interesting city of Oslo. On the 7th of July June and I were making snowballs as the train stopped at a mountain village between Bergen and Oslo. As we alighted from the train in the evening in Oslo we were met by Mrs. Gedde-Knap and their son, Captain Arne Gedde-Knap. Mrs. Gedde-Knap and Capt. Arne are the sister and the nephew, respectively, of Mr. Knute Hansen, Director of the Svithiod Singing Society and one of America's great conductors. They accompanied us to the Grand Hotel, where a press conference had been arranged by a Norwegian newspaper, after which we were guests in the lovely home of Major and Mrs. Gedde-Knap, in a residential section of Oslo. We had a typical Norwegian evening meal and, because of the long twilight it was long after midnight when we left for our hotel after a most unusual and interesting evening with some delightful people. Right near their home is the celebrated Vigelands Sculpture Park. There is nothing quite like this park elsewhere in the world. It is the work of one sculptor's entire lifetime, who was commissioned by the City of Oslo. The figures surrounding the memorial have attracted the attention of sculptors and artists from all over the world. The whole cycle of life is embodied in the sculpture, from youth to old age, including all of the deep experiences which are identified with life.

We were in Oslo at the time the Crown Prince of Norway dissolved the Norwegian Parliament in their last meeting for the year. It also was the last appearance of the distinguished Dr. Hambro, who had been Prime Minister for so long. June had taken some work in the University from his son, when he was lecturing here at Northwestern University. She was fortunate in being able to witness the ceremony. I had left the hotel with her, taking our camera to make pictures of the participants from outside the Parliament Buildings. There was much pageantry, a parade of guards and soldiers, the arrival in their beautiful limousines of the ambassadors and ministers from other countries; and I missed June. I remained outside of the hotel taking some very interesting pictures when, a few moments after the ceremonies were completed I saw her approaching and asked her where she had been, and she said: "Well, I have been inside the Parliament. I have heard the Crown Prince deliver his address, the Prime Minister, and have seen all the pageantry of the event inside. Then she told me she simply walked into the building and up to a gentleman's desk, told him where she was from and that she would like to attend the session. He took her to another part of the building to see another person, who welcomed her and gave her a ticket of admission. I was

(*Continued on page* 17)

Contributions Now Being Accepted to the

46TH ANNUAL BAZAAR

of the

PEOPLES CHURCH

Less than six weeks remain in which to organize the biggest and best Bazaar in all the 46 years of the history of the Peoples Church!

The Bazaar will be held in Anderson Hall of the Church,
NOVEMBER 14TH and 15TH, 1957
941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

Contributions of salable articles are being received daily, both from Chicago and from out of town members and friends of the church. One of the valuable prizes will be the newest in fashions for women —an imported Cashmere Sweater with deep fur collar of genuine Beaver, which sells for $169.50, donated by Rabin, the Furrier, of 190 N. State Street.

October is the month of preparation for the Bazaar. Time flies by rapidly in this busy world, so make all your preparations and do all your planning now—for a Bazaar that will long be remembered.

Bring your gifts to the church office or telephone LOngbeach 1-6878. Let us all help and show our appreciation to our loyal General Chairman of the Bazaar, Mrs. Harry D. Stone, RAvenswood 8-7912, who once again has shouldered this great responsibility.

Should your contribution be too large to bring to the church, call either LOngbeach 1-6878 or RAvenswood 8-7912 and ask that it be picked up.

DO YOUR PART AND WE WILL HAVE A GREAT BAZAAR!

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

IS there any more tragic sight in this world than that of the individual who has indicated through the early years a potentiality for greatness, beauty and distinction, and then as life goes on, to see that personality gradually and tragically disintegrate and remain basically and fundamentally unfair to itself? A personality so constituted that they could make something magnificent and heroic out of life and then to find life beating them into inactivity and destroying them.

They were unfair to themselves in their lack of moral vigor. The individual who does not feel the imperative of the great moral forces of life which constitute the basic structure of integrity, of honor, of purity, of beauty, does not have the controlling power over his life, and he is being unfair to himself.

To be given the basic mental capacity for great thoughts and then to think little thoughts; to be given the opportunity by your own physical structure to meet successfully and adequately the challenge of living life, and then by your own inner dissipation of body and soul to bring that life into suffering and agony and pain; to have been constituted by nature with the fortifications for triumph, and to dissipate life to the extent that year by year you find yourself lower down in the scale of great living—unfair to yourself!

Are you permitting thoughts that are so devastating in their destructive power that to toy with them will rot your soul? Are you opening up the doors for the destruction of the fine potentiality which was given to you by a father and a mother and love in the early years of life, and the dreams which father and mother had for you? Are you being so unfair to yourself, young man or young woman, that these dreams are now nightmares, and that fathers and mothers are restless through the night until they know where their children are and with whom they are?

I was coming up the stairs of Grand Central Station in New York recently and saw before me a man in uniform carrying a white cane. I said to the soldier: "Let me assist you by carrying your bag." He said: "Thank you very

much, but I am learning to go it alone. I have two artificial legs and am blind, but if you will just put your hand on my shoulder that will be sufficient guidance for me." That boy was being fair to himself! Put your shoulder where God's hand can touch it, and life will be beautiful!

"TRANQUILIZING PILLS"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

EVERYBODY I know is health conscious. As I travel about, whether in the United States or in Europe, whether I meet people on a train, in a hotel lobby, at a lecture or at a banquet table, before I have talked with them for five minutes, I discover they are health conscious. The fact of the matter is, one of the first questions we ask each other as we go about our daily tasks and in the little daily normal meetings is: "How are you?" Everyone uses that conventional phrase.

There never was a time in the history of man when man had more available resources to maintain and keep health than he has today! The scientific progress which has been made in recent years in the realm of the science of the healing arts, upon the basis of materia medica, has never been surpassed—and the end is not yet! Man is living longer today than he's ever lived in the whole history of man! We are having more old people—more than a million a year—added to the ranks of the aged! People are living longer. One of the greatest problems that this country's going to have in its immediate future is the problem of the aged. People are going to live longer than they've ever lived. And when you stop and think that four people out of every six who reach the age of sixty-five are dependents — they're dependent upon some aspect in society, upon some relatives, upon friends, upon somebody, but they constitute a dependent —it's a startling thing, until one of the greatest problems, I think, that we're going to have to face is this matter of old age! Now, you can't shoot them! Nobody better talk to me as to that being the solution, because I'm in that category! And the fact of the matter is that we've got to do something about it—it must be done!

Well, now, we're "health conscious," just as we're "diet conscious"! Never was there a time when every agency of communication and advertising was exploiting the matter of food and health and weight as they're doing it today. I run into that almost daily. People say to me: "Well, Dr. Bradley, it's about time you started to diet!" Well, now, the fact of the matter is that I diet all the time, and I have dieted for about forty years and I have studied the whole matter of diet, and I believe in diet!

One of the things that is bringing all this "health consciousness" to us all is the tragic record that we are all making in the opportunity to live longer than we have ever lived yet breaking down sooner! When I think of the people with whom I have shaken hands on a Sunday morning from this pulpit—people of the age of forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty—who, before the next Sunday has rolled around have passed on and I've stood with a heartbroken family at their grave, it is appalling!

All of us, there are no exceptions, are forced to adjust ourselves to an age when the economic necessities require an expenditure of physical, mental and spiritual energy that has never been required before of man! There is no running away from it, it is here and we have to live with it and we have to do something about it, for the fact of the matter is that not only do we have to make the battle, the fight, with our own individual relationship, but we are faced, constantly, with a creative conflict from outside ourselves, and that is the disturbed condition of international affairs, of national affairs, and of our own economy!

Man has a double fight on his hands! Not only does he have to constantly preserve the unity and the integrity and the harmonic working of his own physical self, but he has to adjust himself to all of these forces that are directed unceasingly toward him in every avenue of communication! You can't pick up a newspaper that it isn't there; you can't turn your radio on that it isn't there; you can't look at a television program that it isn't there, you hardly can have a telephonic communication with anybody that it doesn't show up—until there is a constant bombardment, almost a twenty-four hour bombardment, against physical, intellectual and spiritual unity!

Now man is a triune being—he is spirit; he is mind and he is body! And as long as he lives on this plane of consciousness the tranquility of his life will depend upon creating harmony in the trinity of himself! When people feel inadequate to meet that challenge, they resort to all kinds of props and all kinds of help. I am not a scientifically-minded man and I am not speaking in any sense in terms that have to do with materialistic medicine, but let me acknowledge at once that the scientists have been able to wrest creatively, from the forces which are available, certain definite help to those who are tragically afflicted by the extremes of mental disaster. The work that is being done by tranquilization pills and medicine and treatment on the part of those who are tragically and helplessly removed from social responsibility, to the extent that they must be institutionalized, is simply tremendously important! I recognize how much help and how much assistance and how much good is being done in that area. I am not speaking, nor is the sermon designed this morning to have any contribution, whatever, or any criticism, whatever, against the scientific treatment in these extreme conditions which I have just outlined. I recognize their value and their importance. What concerns me is an entirely different area, where there are so many people violating every fundamental principle of hygiene; every fundamental principle of good health; every fundamental principle of good thinking; every fundamental principle of the human personality as a trinity, that they are seeking to get release from their sleeplessness; from their nervous irritations; from their irritabilities; from all of the interferences and barriers which they face from day to day, by resorting to something that could not possibly cure.

I am more interested in cure than I am relief! Prevention is more important than cure, and cure is more important than relief! The fact of the matter is that for every action, as a principle of science, there is a reaction! And every time a person puts into their system anything which is only of temporary benefit, the reaction from that is inevitable and, finally, it either grows on the individual until they depend upon it more and more, or a complete

breakdown ultimately takes place!

I would never go to a physician who treated a symptom! If I had a headache—which I have never had in my life—but if I ever had a headache and went to a physician and asked him about my headache and he said: "I'll give you something to relieve your headache," I would never go back to that physician again! I would be through with him! But if I were suffering severely with a headache and I went to a physician and he said: "Very well, get off your clothes, get up on this table, I'm going to give you an examination, and we're going to spend two or three days together! I'm going to give you a cardiogram; I'm going to find out about your kidneys; I'm going to find out about your blood pressure; I'm going to find out about your habits; I'm going to find out about how much sleep you're getting; I'm going to find out how you control your energy—I'm going to go over you like a fine-toothed comb!"—that's the physician I'll go back to! He is trying to discover "causes" and not treat merely "symptoms"! And there are a great many people who will go through life and violate every physical law of life! They dissipate their own energies by the exhaustion of their own vitalities; they rob themselves of this and that and the other and then, when something happens, off they go to a doctor and they want to get a box of pills and if those pills don't cure them in two weeks they change doctors! And they have violated the fundamental principles of health all of these years and think, that by some magic, the violation of these laws can all be overcome by a little medicine! The fact of the matter is that this matter of seeking relief for the tragedy of the depleted nervous energy of life, squandering that energy and then resorting to a prop of temporary significance, is one of the most dangerous aspects of our modern world!

The answer is to have good health habits; the answer is to not violate the legitimate and honorable principles of good living—the answer is not in the pill, the answer is in doing something about your life and changing something of your habits! We cannot have our cake and eat it, too! And most of us are so constructed that that's exactly what we want to do! People are constantly saying to me, at my age, and I've lived a long time — nearly seventy years of life—and they're constantly saying to me: "How do you do it?" May I tell you that it is by obeying certain laws of health. I have tried to eat as nearly as possible the natural organic foods in every area that I can possibly get. I would no more touch a piece of white bread than I would touch a piece of poison, and I haven't had a saltcellar in my hand in twenty-five years! I have never taken an aspirin in my life—I don't know what they taste like! I've never taken a carbonated beverage! I have never permitted myself physically, never once, to violate what I would consider, as nearly as possible, the natural laws for the building of the physical structure! If you violate all the laws of nature and then try to balance your health budget with tranquilizing pills, continuing all the while to cheat the laws of good health and normal living, you will suddenly find yourself beyond the help of either a physician or a tranquilizer. "As ye sow ye shall reap."

Organize your life — spiritually, mentally and physically — and your need for tranquilizing pills will disappear.

BOOK CHATS

ASHLEY Montagu has written *Man: His First Million Years.* This is a primer of anthropology, physical and cultural. You will remember Ashley Montagu's excellent book On Being Human. He is a noted scholar and writer and this latest book is written essentially to stimulate interest in the fascinating study of anthropology. He has a frank and entertaining style and deals in basic and comprehensive terms with such subjects as man's ancestry in the line of evolution, how the races and cultures of man acquired their distinctive characteristics, how language, religion, and the arts developed and how sex and marriage patterns vary between cultures. Who is man? Where did he come from? What is he born as? Where is he going?

Ashley Montagu claims that *Homosapiens* (man the wise) is the most interesting creature on the face of the earth;—most interesting—most exciting—most promising; that his book is not large enough to hold all the names of those human beings who have earned, by their achievements, the title of "great."

The author was born and educated in England, came to the United States in 1927 to further the studies in anthropology he had begun at the University of London. He received his Ph.D. at Columbia University, engaged in research and taught at Harvard and New York Universities; was chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University from 1949 to 1955. He is often consulted as an expert on legal and scientific problems connected with man and was Rapporteur of the committee which drafted the famous UNESCO Statement on Race. He has appeared on many radio and television programs in his capacity as an anthropologist and is a frequent contributor to scientific and general publications.

Dr. Montagu wrote this book for people who want to learn, no matter what their chronological age may be; who find their interest in life steadily increasing and expect to find it continuously so. He believes anthropology should form a part of the equipment of every person who enjoys the benefit of a high school education; that it should form the core of the educational curriculum at all levels, grammar, high and college. A handful of private schools are teaching it with great success. His book is intended as a simple, uncomplicated introduction to anthropology.

I was interested in his statement that "some day, it is to be hoped, humanity will speak a single international language (without necessarily losing the advantages of the language of one's culture), and thus will the greatest obstacle to the communication between peoples be at once removed.

To give an idea of the contents of this book the chapter headings are: Introducing Ourselves — Introducing Anthropology—Man's Nearest Living Relations—The Ancestry of Man—The Rise of Modern Man—The Evolutionary Factors Involved in the Differentiation of Man — The Ethnic Groups of Man—Needs and Culture—Attempting to Make the Best Of It—Sex and Marriage Patterns — Family

Patterns—Social Controls and Government—Religion—Mythology and Philosophy—Science—The Arts—The Anthropologist in the Field. Then there is a list of books for further reading and a very complete index.

To give you a sample of the subjects covered under the various chapter headings, I list sub-heads under one chapter—The Evolutionary Factors Involved in the Differentiation of Man: Unity Without Uniformity - The Factors Producing Human Differentiation - Natural Selection - Mutation - Isolation - Genetic Drift - Hybridization - Sexual Selection - Social Selection - The Process of Differentiation - Tht Mental Unity of Man and the Variety of Human Cultures.

Dr. Montagu states that most characters, if not all, possessed by human beings are of adaptive value: thus, dark-pigmented skin is of greater adaptive value than lightly pigmented skin in regions of high sunlight intensity and high humidity. The dark pigments absorb the light rays, which in the form of heat initiate sweating, thus causing water to carry off the heat of the body and at the same time to deposit a film of salts over the surface of the body. This film then serves to reduce and reflect the dangerous light rays from the surface of the body. In regions of low sunlight intensity as much light needs to be absorbed by the body as possible, hence a lightly pigmented skin is of adaptive value in such regions.

A broad nose is also useful in high temperature areas because this presumably permits the maximum exhalation of heated air. The narrow nose is of adaptive value in cooler climes where the air needs to be warmed before it is taken into the lungs. Different environments call for different adaptive characters, and the different characters which human beings exhibit are principally due to the fact that man has had to adapt himself to whatever environment in which he has found himself. As he is the most adaptable of all creatures, it is not surprising that he should exhibit such a remarkably interesting variety of adaptive traits.

We read that "the evolution of man has proceeded in such a way that he has become a creature capable of adapting to all environments . . . the one trait which is at a premium in human society is *adaptability,* plasticity, the ability to get along with others, to adjust to rapidly changing conditions . . . If this is so, then it constitutes a strong argument for the mental unity of mankind on an evolutionary basis, and an argument for the cultural differentiation of humanity on precisely the same basis. Human beings anywhere can learn to do the things that other human beings have anywhere done . . . Now that the airplane has put the most distant place on the earth no more than forty-five hours away, the tendency of human populations is the opposite of what it was in the prehistoric period, when small populations tended to migrate away from a common center toward the periphery of the earth. Today human populations are tending to come together physically. It is our immediate task and it will be the realization of the future, to enable the peoples of the earth to come together culturally and spiritually. Then all mankind will once again become truly one—maintaining, it is to be hoped, the differences as far as it is desirable to maintain them, and producing a genuinely creative, interanimating unity without a dulling uniformity."

When one reads of 1,000,000 years (as in one of the tables in this book) and of the wheel being known first in Sumerian art from about 3500 B.C., not used in Egypt till about 1650 B.C.; and of navigable river-boats being

known of in Egypt from 4000 B.C.; then the year 1957 A.D. doesn't seem to represent so much of time as it formerly did (that is, before one thought much about the period of time B.C.)

It was interesting to read that the ancient kings of Egypt had so hypertrophied a sense of their own importance that they felt there was no one good enough, that is, of sufficiently pure "blood" to marry, so they married their own sisters. Seven Pharaohs did so, one after the other. And we are told it should be recorded that their offspring appear to have been of outstanding ability and intelligence, and for the same reason such unions were favored by Peruvian and Hawaiian royalty. It seems that the origin of the incest prohibition has puzzled anthropologists for many years, and there have been many theories. The most widely accepted is that incest was an artificially created dislike designed to encourage marriages outside the group. It is assumed that the prohibition is very ancient, and that what it was designed to achieve was to place members of one's own group in that of a neighboring group to act as ambassadors. Thus good relations were maintained between groups.

The following chapter, on Family Patterns, is extremely interesting, and some of the patterns of the Polar Eskimo are very surprising. Of equal interest are those chapters on Religion and on Science and ancient ideas of fire-making and of time-reckoning and measurement. Enough is told to indicate that non-literate peoples are capable, under the pressing conditions of necessity, of doing their utmost with their minds to solve some practical problem in a scientific manner.

Dr. Montagu tells us that "Those pursuits in which the imagination is chiefly engaged, in giving form and meaning to the materials with which one works, are known as arts. In this sense the arts are probably very old. There is no known people that is without them—drawing, painting, carving, sculpture, music, poetry, storytelling, and the dance.

"To draw seems to be a natural potentiality which children seek to express at the earliest possible opportunity . . . small children will spontaneously make drawings with the materials placed in their hands. Apparently apes will too, at least the gorilla will, for a young gorilla has actually been observed tracing his own shadow with his forefinger . . . One little girl, when asked what she did when she drew, replied, 'First I think, and then I draw a line around my think.' " . . . "the oldest known paintings by man go back well over ten thousand years, and they display a really breathtaking skill and beauty." In 1940 cave paintings were discovered at Lascaux in central France that were executed about 15,000 years ago. I was amazed to read that at the present time there are over a million people in Spain alone who make their permanent home, as their ancestors have before them, in caves.

I urge everyone to read the final chapter of this book (Man: His First Million Years, by Ashley Montagu. The World Publishing Company. $3.75.) If you do not purchase it, then borrow it from the library. I cannot close without quoting the final paragraphs:

"If some groups of humanity are culturally more advanced in some respects than others, it is because their opportunities have been greater, and not because of some supposed innate superiority. No group of human beings is of less value in the scale of humanity than any other, for all groups of human beings possess the potentialities for development which, under the

proper environmental stimulation, would enable them to contribute maximally to the achievement of humanity.

"Every culture can be regarded as the historic result of a people's attempt to adjust itself to its environment. Before the advent of the twentieth century, that environment was usually narrowly bounded. Today the boundaries which formerly separated people are crumbling before our eyes. Mankind is moving—in spite of occasional appearances to the contrary—toward unity without uniformity, toward the condition in which the differences that today separate men will grow to be regarded, not as causes for suspicion, fear, and discrimination, but as no more important than the differences which exist between the members of the same family. To that end, among others, the service of the anthropologist is dedicated."

* * *

O. A. Battista, Sc. D., has written a book called *How to Enjoy Work and Get More Fun Out of Life*. Some people just avoid "How to" books. Some of those books I, too, avoid. However, the picture of the author, posed at his desk, made me decide to look between the covers at least. He looked so genial —in fact I could imagine that he was laughing at me. So I wanted to find out why he laughed.

I discovered that it is a very enjoyable book. Any book full of good ideas is bound to be enjoyable. I have thoroughly read the chapter on "How to Fight Fatigue" because it interested me even though I don't think I need it very much. I was curious to see if I did need it.

A chapter on "How to Handle Ideas" can be helpful to every person who reads it. Dr. Battista believes in doing something with ideas—even if it means giving them away. Naturally then, his book is full of ideas. As a Canadian lad, one of eight children, with savings from his newspaper route he would invest heavily in postage stamps to send away ideas that he thought would improve various companies' manufactured products. He gives a "Test of a Good Idea" and lists the technique of putting an idea across. Is there anyone who would not like to know how to do a better job of putting an idea across? And his advice is to not stop until your idea is over the top. I liked his advice, to do the extra bit of legwork so often necessary to put the "sprig of parsley" on top of an idea; also his suggestion that you be a putter instead of a taker.

Those are only two chapters of this remarkable book, so full of good ideas and expert advice (the author is a distinguished research scientist) as to be worthy of study. Dr. Battista studied successful executives around him and spent months and months in talking to people in a hundred different jobs to find out why some people lead happy successful lives, while others are ill, disgruntled and in a never-ending treadmill of boredom. He has authored 11 highly technical articles published in respected chemical journals, writes the popular "Quotoon" newspaper column carried by over 50 newspapers in the U.S. and Canada, has contributed chapters to six published books and in his spare time prepares popular articles for such national magazines as Better Homes and Gardens, Reader's Digest, Red Book, The Saturday Evening Post, Catholic Digest, Popular Science Monthly and many, many more.

He is a member of four scientific societies, very active on two professional technical committees and has learned to cram more work and living into a year than many men do in a lifetime. This does not exclude a happy family and social life.

It seems to this reader that so much intelligent research has gone into the building of this book of 229 pages, including 9 pages of index, that any reader will find it worth while to investigate whether it may not be an excellent "buy" for him.

I found this book so sensible and with such excellent advice on so many subjects, that I do not hesitate to recommend it to everyone; even if you only use it for the purpose of checking up on yourself in all avenues of your endeavor. (Prentice-Hall, Inc.; $4.95)

Along the Way

(*Continued from page 7*)

very happy for her, but disappointed that I had not gone with her. She was probably the only American except our Ambassador who was present. She was very near to the Crown Prince and all of the officals of the Norwegian Government and was deeply impressed with the experience.

From Oslo we went direct to Stockholm—lovely, beautiful Stockholm. A whole chapter could be written on our reactions and experiences in Stockholm, but that must wait. In Stockholm I was received by Mr. Buckland in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who is Head of the Department of Public Information for Sweden. This introduction was arranged by Dr. Oldenberg, Swedish Consul General in Chicago. On presenting my credentials I was graciously received in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and had over an hour's interview with the Head of the Department of Public Information. Our discussion will be given in a later lecture.

No one ever visits Stockholm without visiting Den Gyldene Freden, which means Golden Peace, and is the name of one of the most unusual and famous eating places in the world, lighted with candles, for you eat in an ancient cave, underneath the streets of the city. It is the gathering place for members of the royal family and other distinguished people.

Copenhagen, Denmark was next, and here we renewed our friendship with two wonderful people—Pastor and Mrs. Kierkegaard, who has been minister of the only Free Christian Church in all Scandinavia for many years. We visited most of the castles of Denmark and absorbed as much as we could of that great little country. I preached in the morning on Sunday, July 14th, for Pastor Kierkegaard, to a large congregation in his beautiful church located quite near the American Embassy in Copenhagen. I spoke in English, and while I have used an interpreter on previous occasions in Denmark, on this occasion I spoke without an interpreter and tried to speak as slowly and distinctly as possible; and judging from the reactions which I had, practically all of the members of the congregation could understand me. English is becoming increasingly a world language and particularly in Scandinavia. In Denmark a child studies English in school in the early grades and it is a rare thing to find a Danish person who cannot speak some English.

We were entertained at dinner in the home of the Pastor and his wife, a home which is a typical Danish home, quite unlike the modern home with its elimination of pictures and books, much of which makes up the atmosphere of a home. In Pastor Kierkegaard's home the walls are filled with pictures and there are books everywhere, fine, old-fashioned, comfortable furniture, lovely silver. The atmosphere is restful, peaceful! There isn't an ounce of chrome anywhere or

a modern piece of furniture. All is traditional and comfortable. June had never visited such a home and frequently comments upon it in discussing modern furniture.

Our Scandinavian holiday came to an end all too quickly, and it was back again to England from Denmark.

I have no more space left this month, but I will tell you about England and our visit to London and Bath in next month's issue. In the meantime, let us all work harder and better that our beloved church will mean increasingly more as we enter into the Holiday Season.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WE have now come to the time when members of many groups, on getting together at the beginning of their Fall season, will be reminiscing about their summer vacations, so recently past. Last month I mentioned having gone to Houston, Texas, for a Convention, and then four of us driving on to New Orleans.

Like most every other visitor to New Orleans, I was fascinated with it. A friend, Miss Lucile Keve and I, stayed at the Monteleone Hotel in the French Quarter. We were there for a week and browsed around with our cameras, experienced good eating at the various French restaurants, among them of course being Galatoire's and Antoine's; we took a trip on the Mississippi for three and a half hours, seeing the many, many ships from far-away places loading and unloading their precious cargoes. We even tried the Ferry-boat trip, so as not to miss anything. I was experimenting with a new camera, but Miss Keve is very artistic and quite adept with her fine German camera, and I have enjoyed several viewings of her excellent slides. She is a member of the Chicago Camera Club, and I benefited much from taking pictures while in her company.

We came home together, stopping en route at Evansville, Indiana, for a few days, where we visited at the home of Florence Keve, Lucile's sister, who is Art Director at Evansville College. This was a great privilege. Her home is located in a lovely part of Evansville, not far from the college grounds, with much ground surrounding it, with a delightful screened-in breezeway between the house and garage. Not only did we visit with Florence and Mrs. Keve, the charming mother of both girls, but the three of us, Lucile, Mrs. Keve and I had the joy of some art lessons, an evening spent with many of the faculty of the college, who were invited for an evening while we were there. One day members of the summer art class came over for a lesson out-of-doors at the house. After the lesson and refreshments we had the pleasure of some beautiful music by two of the class, one a teacher of art in the Evansville High School. She is an accomplished pianist. A younger girl had been a WAC and while overseas had studied voice in Germany. The pianist had recently lost her husband and had joined the art class to try to bring peace

of mind and soul to her crushed spirit. A truly lovely person, her fine character showed in her facial expression as she brought happiness and beauty to others as she played an exquisite accompaniment, while the young girl sang Brahm's Lullaby in German, with her lovely contralto voice. Lucile and I each came home with a painting to our credit, and a feeling of having had a very fine vacation.

I had been invited to the summer cottage of Clifford Lyon and his mother, Mrs. Anna Lyon, a member of our Woman's Club. This was many months ago. In the meantime Clifford had become ill. Some of the members of the Club will recall that he spoke to them on their Public Health Day last January, informing them of the Midwest Chapter of the Hemophilia Foundation and its work, of which he was President for several years, as well as being the founder of it. Clifford and his mother were taken up to the cottage by friends, since Clifford was too ill to drive. He rode up to Whitefish Bay which is ten miles north of Sturgeon Bay, in Door County, on the peninsula, by reclining on a mattress in the back of Jim Armstrong's station wagon, as he, himself put it, riding like an Oriental potentate, resting on his pillows. Mrs. Armstrong drove Clifford's car and took Mrs. Lyon, all the belongings which one takes to their summer cottage, and the two Siamese cats which are Mrs. Lyon's pride and joy.

Later on in August, I went up to the cottage, when Mrs. Armstrong and her little girl came home, and was with Clifford and his mother for about three weeks. Clifford is an artist designer, so it was quite natural that I should procure some artist's paper, also some water color paints and brushes and, on days when Clifford felt up to it, ask for suggestions and help from him so that I might try my hand further at the art of painting. There I was, facing a sandy beach, with Lake Michigan stretched out before me, and a scenic window through which to enjoy it. Friendly cottagers who live on Whitefish Bay every summer would bring flowers for Clifford and they made tempting subjects for still-life views. The result: I brought home four paintings in which I take great pride. Not only that, but what with chauffeuring (which I hadn't done for some twelve years) I had a varied summer made most enjoyable because it was spent with altogether lovely people. The sad part of the summer is the fact that Clifford is still very ill. When one sees a friend in distress and pain and can do little about it, and especially when that friend is as fine and brilliant a person as is Clifford Lyon, one longs to be a miracle worker, to wave a wand and to make all be right with the world again.

The Annual Dinner of the Midwest Hemophilia Chapter occurs on October 19th, at the Svithiod Club, and any of Clifford's friends may secure tickets through me.

* * *

Here is a letter on stationery that flies the flag of the U. S. Navy, a dark blue flag with two white stars. The stationery carries the further inscription, "Commander Carrier Division Six," and is dated September 8th.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have just come from church service and am finally getting around to writing you, which I have determined to do in past years each time I attend a service. I have listened to sermons all over the world since I last saw you, and almost without exception the preachers are stereotyped and miss their mark completely. Has the advertised increase in church attendance made them complacent? Or is it that, having listened to you for so many

years, I have been spoiled? Perhaps I should remind you that my first contact with you was in 1932 when I took on the role of interviewing you for our school paper at Proviso, in Maywood. And then later, in 1938 I believe, I was instrumental in bringing you to James Millikin at Decatur, as one of our guest lecturers. You probably don't recall the noontime walk I had with you from the school to your hotel where we had lunch together. That was one of the highlights of my under-graduate days.

Shortly after graduation I entered Naval Aviation where I have been ever since. I am currently serving on the staff of the Commander in Chief Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean Forces based in London. Recalling so many of your sermons in the thirties warning of the then current dictatorships, I can't help but wonder what you are saying about the present drift towards a world holocaust.

This, I guess, brings me to the real point of this letter: if you are still printing your sermons, I would be most appreciative if you sent me a few copies. Have you ever recorded any of them? That would be an even greater pleasure—to be able to listen to you once more.

If you are in the London area in the next two years, please let me know so that I may return a part of the pleasure you have given me by showing you London as only a resident can.

Most sincerely,
W. E. Clarke,
Captain, U. S. Navy

* * *

From The First Methodist Church of Sedan, Kansas, came the following letter from its minister:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Here is a voice out of the past that you long have forgotten, but I haven't forgotten you and my associations with you at Moody Bible Institute 45 years ago. I have often wondered what two free souls like Bradley and Harmon were doing in such a hotbed of Fundamentalism? I recall when you and a mutual friend by the name of George Webber and I went out to Lincoln Park and hired us a small rowboat and paddled out a ways in the lake to talk things over. I don't recall when we were last together, but some few years following that I met Webber in York, Nebraska, Pastor of a Congregational Church. Then I lost track of him, so now I don't know where he is.

With me, I have spent 45 years in the ministry of the Methodist Church, and now that I have reached 65, I am retiring the first of June. My much beloved wife does not have good health. We have had three splendid sons, all College and University men. One is a lawyer in Denver, another is a career man in the Army, and the youngest is with Pure Oil Company as a Scout. I put in several years as an Army Chaplain and was retired the first of January, 1952. I was a Lt. Col. when I was retired. During World War II I was in the South Pacific. I have had a happy and I believe a useful ministry.

We have our home in Kansas City, Kansas, and will move there in May for the remainder of our days, I hope. I note by News Week that you are now 68 and plan to carry on. Blessings on you. I wish I could have joined with your friends in the recognition given you. A few years ago I had a cousin in Chicago who went often to your church.

Fraternally yours,
Lloyd V. Harmon.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Our new Americans wish to join the thousands of other Chicago citizens

who have expressed appreciation of your great contribution to the welfare of our city.

Our adult foreign-born students in the Americanization classes of the Chicago Public Schools speak very often of your inspiring talks to them at their "American Life" programs at the Chicago Historical Society. They have always felt your sincere interest in them as they prepare for life in their new homeland.

With all good wishes to you for many more years of service to the people of Chicago.

Sincerely yours,
Helen G. Lynch, Supervisor,
Division of Americanization.

* * *

From the Conley Funeral Home of Elburn, Illinois, came the following letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I've no idea how to write this, nor what to say nor how to say it—but write it I must—

To write or speak to a great personage like yourself always seems so awesome to the "country folks"—yet it is not hard, for today, you were "country folks" too; when from your boundless heart you led us so beautifully through "the valley of the shadow of death."

Paul W. Smith—one of "God's little folk"—Conley Funeral Home, more of "God's little folks"—and in a little, muddy, country town—50 miles from the comforting assurance of your own grand surroundings—yet, you were right at home, fully at ease, one of us, and you would have us believe that we had changed as many plans and given up as much to be there as you had.

Your message left an indelible mark, but I would have given a great deal to have gotten it on tape that we might hear it again—to be able to turn it on for comfort and guidance when life's problems seem too heavy, and we feel burdened with the trials which He does send upon us.

May your yoke always be light and your life full of the radiant happiness that only He can give, for your personification today of the "second mile"—"thy neighbor more than thyself"—"the good Samaritan" — *plus* — and only He knows the final value of that *plus,* as it multiplies through exemplification in the lives you touched today. Granted, the number was not large, but you lived to the fullest—

"Father, where shall I work today, and my love flowed warm and free, And he pointed out a tiny spot, and said 'Tend that for me.' I answered quickly, Oh no, not that, why no one would ever see, No matter how well my work was done, not that little spot for me. And the word he spoke, it was not stern, he answered me tenderly, 'Ah, little one, search that heart of thine, art thou working for them or me?' Nazareth was a little place and so was Galilee." (Author unknown.)

I call you FRIEND, as another anonymous author so well phrased it in the enclosed poem.

Sincerely,
C. L. Conley.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES WILL OPEN NOVEMBER 3, 1957–7:00 O'CLOCK

The first Sunday evening service will be devoted to the theme

"FREEDOM WILL NOT DIE"

It will be a memorial evening to Czechoslovakia and Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk, the first President of the Republic. Czech Societies and organizations in Chicago are co-operating and the music will be furnished by the internationally famous Lira Men's Chorus. Dr. Bradley has visited Czechoslovakia and will speak.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES WILL BEGIN NOVEMBER 6, 1957–8:00 O'CLOCK

One Lecture each month on the first Wednesday

Dr. Bradley has been elected President of Chicago Area Liberal Ministers Association comprising all of the Universalist, Unitarian and Liberal Ministers of other denominations.

Dr. Bradley has been nominated to receive the Jesuit Award which is being given to 100 Chicagoans for their contribution to the civic and cultural life of Chicago.

DR. BRADLEY'S SUMMER ENGAGEMENT LIST

JUNE

23—Sermon, morning service.
Unitarian Church, Dublin, Ireland.
Sermon, evening service.
Unitarian Church, Dublin, Ireland.

30—Sermon. First Presbyterian Church,
Belfast, Ireland.
Sermon, All Souls Church,
Belfast, Ireland.

JULY

14—Sermon, Free Christian Church,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

21—Sermon, Unitarian Church,
Bath, England.
Sermon, Unitarian Church,
Trowbridge, England.

AUGUST

22—Commencement Address. Summer School, University of Minnesota, Duluth Branch.

24—Address, Lake Vermilion Farewell Dinner, Idlewild Hotel.

28—Address. Des Moines Teacher's Conference. Auditorium North High School, Des Moines, Iowa.
Address. Kiwanis Club,
Savery Hotel, Des Moines, Iowa.

FUNERALS

24—Mr. William Olson,
St. James Presby. Church,
Tower, Minnesota.

CHRISTENING

25—Tower, Minnesota.
Kevin Lee Haveri, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Aimo Haveri

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Sunday School (From September 15th to August 1st) ..... 9:30 a.m.
Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.
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Sunday Morning Broadcast, WBBM..... 7:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service.....11:00 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service Broadcast, WAIT..... 1:00 p.m.
Vesper Broadcast, WCFL..... 5:45 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service, November to Easter..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, November to Easter, 1st Weds. of month.... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Monday, October 7, Conservation Day..... 1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Sunday, October 27 (After church) at the Pump Room.
Men's Club—Tuesday, October 29, Open Meeting, Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, "My Trip to Russia" with sound movies and tape recordings..... 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. *In Memoriam.*
Channing Club for young adults, first and third Sundays ..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 p.m.
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WBBM—Every Sunday ..... 7:30 a.m.
WAIT—Every Sunday, Church Service Broadcast..... 1:00 p.m.
WCFL—Sunday Vesper Broadcast..... 5:45 p.m.

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5442 N. Winthrop Ave. (40)
Miss Joanne Plett, Treasurer
911 W. Carmen Ave. (40) Apt. F-1
Mrs. Ann McPhail, Rec. Sec.
4157 N. Clarendon Ave. (13)
Miss Gloria Helmick, Corr. Sec.
428 W. Arlington Pl. (14)

MEN'S CLUB

Mr. Arthur George, President
2538 W. Sunnyside Ave. (25)
Mr. Harlow D. Stevens, Vice-Pres.
624 Oakton St., Evanston, Ill.
Mr. Harold E. Hansen, Secretary
2218 W. Carmen Ave. (25)
Mr. G. E. Vail, Treasurer
7746 N. Haskins Ave. (26)
Mr. Frank Bryan, Sergeant at Arms

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director
In Memoriam

CHANNING CLUB

Henry Tap, President
5395 N. Bowmanville Ave. (25)
Barbara Sison, Vice-President
1263 Leland Ave. (40)
Don Ruden, Secretary
4750 Clarendon Ave., (40) Apt. 306
Sandra Neubauer, Treasurer
5318 N. Central Ave. (30)

SENIOR GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 97

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Leader
4249 N. Greenview (13)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Joanne M. Plett, Leader, Apt. F-1,
911 Carmen Ave. (40)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 860

Mrs. Kenneth Hudson, Leader
4531 N. Greenview (40)

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Mrs. Michael Krauvice, Leader
931 Lakeside Ave. (40)